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The Flat.  
Sunday. 17.6.45.

Sweetheart mine,

The sun has suddenly  
started to shine and summer is

once more upon us, and as I  
look out now at the road, couples  
wander idly along, girls in frocks  
& men in spots clothes, mostly,  
and the number of babies.

Heavens, the birth rate must have  
gone up by leaps and bounds  
during the past few years.

I do guess that this  
weekend is not being spent by  
you at Beach Cuddy - you've  
enough water on your own doorstep  
to contend with I reckon. No 29  
was awaiting me on Saturday when

I arrived home and I read with  
interest and astonishment of the  
advent of the monsoon. I had no  
idea that the storms were so  
violent! The idea of trees bending  
before it and rain coming down  
with the force of a tap, turned as  
check me considerably. See how  
what you mean by not being able  
to travel. I suppose you can get to  
the workshops alright alright?  
Trust the Navy to arrange that  
satisfactorily. Eh?

The idea of you sitting quietly  
sewing when it all started, conjures  
up such a strange picture to me.  
I know that you do all make and  
mend, but somehow I have never  
actually imagined the scene where  
several tanned thimble sailors sit  
together & ply with needle &

3rd Floor  
Hread.  
and few guests  
gather that afternoon  
piped notes

Some magnificent below things  
settled into same semblance of order  
to I guess there was plenty of tables

to clear up next morning. I'm  
difficult for me to imagine that

kind of rain all about of that  
bunch of brown water  
certainly paint a very vivid  
picture honey bunches like the life

now are we for - Cos. If looked  
Maids all go out in the middle  
once you got organized a reel

in that water. I think that it  
was a pretty safe bet and that  
you had the chance to take

me up - still to do it is in the  
state. Now look fine reels

backsheesh Sahib, backsheesh (is that right)

The sound of those animals you describe really frightens me! And I'm scared of spiders. Fancy having to dodge rats the size of a small dog! Ugh! No to England for me, forever.

One thing I am glad about - that's to hear that your weight has stopped its downward trend. I had an idea you might stick around 13.8 as you were when I first met you, and I should really have started to worry too if you'd sunk below that.

Me? I never weigh myself, and I think I might have a go next time I'm in the chemists. Those scales can't fool you. I don't think I change much from

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Year to year - though I have been told that I am fatter in the face. Incidentally, I have my hair all down soft in curls this weekend just for a change. It really is thick & long - yet I only had it thinned & cut 3 months ago - the weekend that we said goodbye - remember? I can almost hear you say "Do I?" Seems ages ago now, doesn't it Sweet.

Nowadays I dream dreams about our first meeting. How you will look - what I shall wear, whether I shall know a long time ahead. That will be all of those never-to-be-forgotten moments - a golden memory to keep forever.

On Saturday we had a visit  
from some relations of mothers. You  
have never met them, <sup>Mum's</sup> ~~the~~ Sister  
who is shorter than I & weighed  
14 stone! But she is wonderful  
company & had her rolling up  
about some of her reminiscences,  
then Uncle Bert who is a queer soul-  
wounded in the last war & suffered  
with his funny eye since, and  
their youngest son who is my age,  
but who unfortunately met with  
an accident at school, was trashed  
by a teacher or Sump'n. and  
completely lost his nerve & has  
never been the same since. - Poor  
Chap I feel awfully sorry for  
him. Altogether they sound  
most unprepossessing, but they  
manage to see the funny side of  
life - and as I say are quite

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good company.

They stayed in until after 10 pm. and finally had to depart to get home at a reasonable time. I think had a date. So they all went off leaving me at a loose end at 11:30 on a Saturday evening.

Quite frankly I couldn't make up my mind what to do. It was too late to go visiting really & yet I didn't want to stay in alone - cos I really get depressed if I stick around alone on a Saturday. I don't know why, but I guess it's the sight of everyone else going places that gets me.

So I finally decided to pop in the Granada @ 7.50 p

found me sitting in there watching  
the news. Followed by a lovely  
skating film. Some wonderful  
scenes of lovely ice - staff sets,  
and I really enjoyed the beauty.  
I imagine my chapin, when I  
arrived home to find a note  
left by Joan. She also had been  
feeling fed up & had called for  
a private at about 8.30. and  
finding no one at home hadn't  
known what to do either. (These  
lucky dames!).

Anyway while she was  
doing her hair & preparatory to  
leaving, there was a foot-boat  
of a motor horn, and several  
voices shouting 'Clare'.

Apparently outside stood a



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car with Tui, Lou, & several others  
in it. After a chat they evidently  
made off towards Blackheath.

Was I mad at the thought  
of missing them after having  
twiddled my thumbs wondering  
what to do.

They had left no message about  
seeing me on Sunday (today) so  
in the afternoon I trotted over to  
Culley Towers. But alas! none

of them were out - and I was  
disappointed again. There was

a note on the kitchen table addressed  
to Tui's mother giving directions  
as to food for the babies, so I  
guessed they were out for the  
rest of the day.

A very downcast young

Clare returned to the flat, and  
then made off for Plumstead.

However it was such a lovely  
afternoon, and as I'd only been  
over to the lake a week ago, I  
decided to take a walk through  
the park to the Drive.

It was a heavenly afternoon,  
a brilliant sun, soft breeze, and  
music floating across the park  
from the foot. The lake is  
still a mess, but I closed my  
eyes to its ugliness & just  
drank in the joy of the grass  
under my feet & the rustling  
of trees overhead.

Did I tell you that Frank  
is overhauling a car. Standard  
12 model? There's some idea of  
him buying it - but like all

" Frank's business deals. There's  
something funny about it. However  
it certainly looks as though they  
will have a car for the summer.  
Every house around Dawson Road  
had its car in the driveway  
being tinkered at, and these are  
quite a number about. As the roads  
really getting back to the old peace-  
time scenes.

Baby is looking an absolute  
picture. She toddles around with  
one hand in yours, but so far  
she has not taken her solo step.  
She really is a pippin. Very tall,  
beautiful limbs, honey-colored  
skin & flaxen curls. Doesn't  
that sound an awful lot?

We walked up to the <sup>top</sup> corner,  
Jeanette & I & baby, & had a look

at the Pool, but I didn't expect  
the gang to be there, or they'd  
have surely called for me.  
I guess I shall get all right  
tomorrow at the office.

Pause while I cook myself  
a snack. As you know we never  
sit down to tea on Sundays &  
after all my walking I felt quite  
peckish. Which reminds me

how happy that I was pleased to  
read the healthy renewal of  
your old appetite. It's a good  
sign and as I said before,  
I think the ma'sons are going  
to agree with you.

I am sending quite a  
number of clippings today - together  
with a few pin-up pictures cut

13/ from the Sunday Pictorial. They  
may help to hien up Cheetah II  
and also the inmates of that  
bungalow - now that they cannot  
fast their eyes on real lovelies  
at Beach Andy & Tuhu Beach.

I haven't forgotten that you  
want a pin-up portrait of me  
too - just to keep you on the  
straight & narrow, and I'll see  
what can be done. Promise.

See! It's getting so late &  
I ought to be between the sheets.

Keep those lovable blue eyes  
fixed on the future, darling, it's  
gonna be such a wonderful time  
when it comes along.

I love you dearly,

Clark

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Colmn. L. H. Westrasey

Amx 500221.

Mrs. BRAGANZA

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